

"The last of the series of lectures in the Somerville course was delivered before an audience which filled every portion of the hall, by Dr. Henri M. Ami, of the Geological Survey, Ottawa, who spoke on 'Extinct Forms of Animal Life.' Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell introduced the lecturer. Dr. Ami treated his subject with consummate ability, and from first to last held the attention of those present by his graphic description of animal life in prehistoric times. Incidentally, in the course of his remarks, he described the sand stone formations and the coal deposits of Canada and the United States, in which a large number of the skeletons of these ancient animals have been found in such great numbers that the geologist had experienced little or no trouble in articulating the various bones, the result of which had been to show that this planet, and especially this portion of it, had been populated ages ago with animals and fish of mammoth size, beside which the elephants and whales of the present day seemed small in comparison.

The pleasure of the lecture was greatly enhanced by a series of excellent limelight views. At its close Dr. Ami was tendered a vote of thanks, on the motion of Mr. Cherrier, seconded by Dr. Wesley Mills."

Who does not want to see the Stegosaur with brains both in head and tail? O for a double supply of brains when exams. are on!

## MEDICAL COLLEGE.

**F**OLLOWING is the final year song of the graduating class in medicine, which was sung at the last annual dinner. With the exception of the skit on himself, it was composed by Mr. Barber and sung to the tune of "Tommy Atkins" by Mr. H. V. Malone. The hits contained in it were well received by the students.

Oh! they came here in the fall of ninety-three,  
Freshmen, sophomores and juniors they have been;  
They soon will have the coveted degree  
Conferred by Chancellor Fleming in the spring.  
With their record as a class we've nought to do,  
That is estimated by our faculty;  
In this badly written lay we'll endeavour to portray  
Their points of individuality.

### CHORUS.

Then here's to ninety-seven,  
They're the best class turned out yet;  
They're a credit to the college,  
They're a crowd we won't forget.  
May they never lose a patient,  
May they always get their fee;  
Here's then to ninety-seven,  
May they all successful be.

Alex. Ford's our genial, jovial president,  
Familiarly he's known as adipose;  
His talents take the line of management,  
No business tricks exist but what he knows.  
He is great on steamboat work and rugby too,  
We feel sure he is as honest as the day;  
But one weakness we're all on to: when he goes up to  
Toronto  
He always stops at Whitby on the way.

Percy Bannister is neither mild nor meek,  
No axe to grind, no wires to pull has he;  
He always wants to sing or else to speak,  
On prescriptions he's a great authority;  
He's an intellectual giant, so he says!  
But has lost his old-time popularity;  
He was never in the running, for the votes all went to  
Dunning,  
And the latter took the trip to 'Varsity.

In Sidney Gould, our medical divine,  
We have a speaker with some common sense;  
His memory is a veritable mine  
Of points in favor of his arguments.  
The insane to see he oft to Rockwood goes,  
Though some friends of his are mean enough to state  
That his studies are a blind; he a lady goes to find,  
And that in a uniform he's met his fate.

Then there's big ice-wagon Kelly, who's in fine  
The embodiment of dignity and grace;  
His maiden effort in the moustache line  
Now decorates his dreamy, smiling face.  
He has great plans for the future that we know,  
Since he did his best to make us understand,  
That he'll charge a great big fee, and a specialist will be  
On diseases of the female thyroid gland.

There's Sir Walter Byron Scott, our handsome man,  
He is tender on the subject of his age;  
He converses with the nurses when he can,  
His interest in their welfare can't assuage.  
He is still a little off on Syncope,  
For in a faint he never saw a lady fall;  
He wears a ribbon red, has curls upon his head,  
And his moustache is the envy of us all.

Letellier is chief justice of our court,  
A better judge ne'er held our wool sack down;  
He's prominent in every line of sport  
And a favorite with the ladies of the town.  
Mylk's record at the hospital is good,  
He sticks right to his duties like a burr;  
Hypocrisy's his sin, for he once got drunk on gin,  
Though he poses as a strict teetotaler.

Ernest Croskery's the youngest we've struck yet,  
He's an expert on the plaster splint we're told;  
For the broken limb a perfect fit he'd get,  
Because he'd use the sound one for a mould.